

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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VERONICA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE."

IN FIVE BOOKS.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER V. THE NEW BARONET.

VERONICA, LADY GALE, as she styled herself, was established in a respectable, but by no means fashionable, hotel, at the West End of London. She had brought none of the Italian servants with her, and had even dismissed her French maid, and taken in her stead a middle-aged Swiss woman of staid ugliness.

For Prince Cesare de' Barletti lodgings had been found, within a convenient distance of the hotel. At these modest apartments he was known as Signor Barletti merely. And this temporary lopping of his title had been executed at Veronica's express desire, lest the glories which she had anticipated sharing with him by-and-bye, should be tarnished in their passage through regions of comparative poverty and obscurity. She also had enjoined on Cesare to keep himself aloof from such of his compatriots as he might chance to meet in London. This latter injunction, however, he had not kept to the letter.

The truth was that poor Cesare was desperately dull and forlorn. His visits to Veronica were of the most rigidly formal character, and the invariable presence of the Swiss maid during these interviews had caused some sharp words to pass between the cousins.

"At Naples, at least, I could see you and speak to you sometimes without a hideous duenna," complained Cesare.

"At Naples things were different. Have patience. We must risk nothing by im-

prudence. Louise understands no Italian. You can say what you please before her."

"But I hate the sight of her. Dio mio, how ugly she is!"

Then Veronica would bid him go out and amuse himself. But he declared that London depressed his spirits with a leaden weight; that he could not speak ten words of English, so as to be understood, nor understand half that number when spoken; that he could not wander about the streets all day; that he had no club to resort to; that London was cold, ugly, smoky, noisy, dull, and that there had not even been one fog since his arrival—a spectacle he had all his life longed to see.

At this climax Veronica lost patience.

"In short," she observed, disdainfully, "you are like a spoiled child, and don't know what you want."

"On the contrary, I know but too well. Cara, if I could only be with you, the time would pass quickly enough. But I am more banished from your society now than I was when—he was alive."

And in his utter ennui Cesare had scraped acquaintance with certain of his own countrymen, who frequented a foreign café, and smoked many a cigar with men whose appearance would have mortified Veronica to the quick, could she have beheld her cousin in their company. And yet the difference of a coat would have transformed some of them into as good men as he, even including the pedigree of the Barlettis in the list of his advantages. But it was just the coat which Veronica would very well have understood to be of extreme importance.

Mr. Frost had, as he had said to Hugh Lockwood, declined to act as Veronica's legal adviser. But he had, at Cesare's request, given her the name of a respectable

lawyer who would assume the responsibility of looking after her interests. Cesare could not be got to understand Mr. Frost's motives for not conducting the case himself, but Veronica declared that she understood them.

Meanwhile there had been several interviews between Mr. Lane and the respective lawyers of Sir Matthew Gale and Veronica.

Mr. Simpson, Veronica's lawyer, of course, quickly perceived that the new baronet had no interest in establishing the validity of the will. If it were established he inherited nothing beyond the entailed estate; if it were set aside he would receive a certain proportion of the personal property. Sir Matthew's lawyer, Mr. Davis, perceived this also as soon as he was made acquainted with the contents of the will. It had been read at Mr. Lane's office, there being present Sir Matthew, Mr. Frost, the agent—who, it will be remembered, was named executor—and the two lawyers above-mentioned.

Mr. Simpson, a heavy-mannered, pasty-faced man, with two dull black eyes, like currants stuck in dough, conceived the idea of making Sir Matthew acquainted with his client. Their interests were nearly identical, and he felt that it would be a desirable thing for "Lady Gale" to be recognised by the late baronet's successor. He trusted, too, to the effects of the lady's personal influence on the shy, awkward, provincial bachelor.

The meeting was consequently brought about.

"It can do you no harm to call on her, Sir Matthew," said Mr. Davis. "It would not prejudice *your* case to say she was Lady Tallis Gale fifty times over."

"I—I—I wish to do what's right, Davis. It's ticklish work, meddling with wills, you know."

"Meddling! God forbid, my dear Sir Matthew! But this either is a will, or it is not, you see. That is what we have got to prove. If it is a will, the dispositions of the testator must be held sacred—sacred. If it is *not* a will, you observe, the testator's intentions are—— In short, it is quite another matter," responded Mr. Davis, winding up a little abruptly.

Sir Matthew called at the hotel at which Veronica was staying. He was accompanied at his own request by Mr. Davis, and, on sending up their cards, they were both ushered into Veronica's presence.

She was dressed in deep mourning, of the richest materials, and most elegant fashion, and looked strikingly lovely.

"I am glad to see you, Sir Matthew," she said, making him a superb courtesy, which so embarrassed him, that in his attempt to return it by as good a bow as he knew how to make, he backed upon Mr. Davis, and nearly hustled him into the fireplace.

"It is naturally gratifying to me to be on good terms with my late husband's family," pursued Veronica, when the two men were seated.

"Thank you, ma'am—I mean my—my lady—that is—— Of course, you know, we must mind what we're about, and do what's right and just, and not make any mistakes, you know. That was always my rule when I was in business."

"An excellent rule!"

"Yes. And as to your late—as to Sir John Gale's family—I don't suppose you ever heard much good of them from *him*, ma'am. My cousin John was an over-weening kind of a man. But we come of the same stock, him and me."

"Certainly."

"Yes. We come of the same stock. There's no doubt of that in the world."

Sir Matthew rubbed his knee round and round with his handkerchief, which he had doubled up into a ball for the purpose; and looked at every part of the room save that in which Veronica was seated.

She was in her element. Here was an opportunity to charm, to dazzle, to surprise. This man was vulgar, rather mean, and not over wise. No matter, he could be made to admire her—and he should!

It was already evident that Sir Matthew had not expected to find so elegant and dignified a lady in the person who claimed to be his cousin's widow. The history of her relations with Sir John was known to him, and the ideas conjured up by such a history in the mind of a man like Matthew Gale, were greatly at variance with Veronica's manners and aspect.

"I am sorry that Sir John was not on terms with his very few surviving relatives," she said, with the least possible touch of hauteur. "You see his path in life had been very different from theirs."

"So much the better for *them*, if all tales be true!" exclaimed Sir Matthew. He had now screwed his handkerchief into a rope, and was fettering his leg with it.

Veronica was not embarrassed by having to meet his eyes, for he turned them studiously away from her. Her cheek glowed a little, but she answered quietly, "Family differences are of all others the most diffi-

cult of adjustment. I have never entered into them. But I hope *we* may be friends."

She said the words with such an air of infinite condescension—of almost protecting good nature, that Sir Matthew felt himself obliged to reply, "Oh, thank you, ma'am—I mean my lady!"

Mr. Davis was lost in admiration of this young woman's talents. "Why she might have been a duchess, or anything else she liked!" thought he, marking the impression that her manner was producing on Sir Matthew.

"My feeling on the matter," said Mr. Davis, "is that we should try to avoid litigation."

"Litigation!" echoed Veronica, turning pale. "Oh, yes, yes. Litigation would be terrible!"

The word represented to her imagination brow-beating counsellors, newspaper scurrility, and the publicity of that "fierce light that beats upon" a court of law. She had all along shrunk from the idea of going to law. She had relied on Mr. Frost's dictum, that if her marriage could be proved to be valid, there would be no further question of the will. And she rested all her hopes on this point.

"I shan't litigate," said Sir Matthew, quickly. "I don't see what I've got to litigate about. The bit of money that would come to me wouldn't be worth it. For there's lots of second, and third, and may be fourth cousins, for what I know, that'll turn up to divide the property if it is to be divided. And my motto always has been, 'Keep out of the way of the law.' You'll excuse me, Mr. Davis!" And Sir Matthew laughed with a dim sense of having made a joke, and having in some way got the better of his attorney.

"The only person that has anything to go to law about, as far as I can see," said Sir Matthew, after a minute's pause, "is the person that inherits the property under the will! This Miss Desmond. I don't know why my cousin John should have gone and left all his money to his wife's niece. He was none so fond of her family nor of her, during his lifetime! And I fancy they looked down on him. I suppose he did it just to spite his own relations."

Veronica was silent.

"Oh, by the way," pursued Sir Matthew, "there's some one else that wouldn't much like the will to be set aside—that's Mr. Lane. He's executor, and a legatee besides to the tune of a couple of thousand pounds."

"Mr. Lane appears to be an honest, upright person," said Veronica. "I have seen him once or twice. And he speaks very reasonably."

Mr. Davis glanced piercingly at Veronica. "Oh," said he, "your ladyship finds Mr. Lane reasonable?"

At this moment the door was opened, and Cesare walked into the room. He stared a little at the two men, neither of whom he had ever seen before. But Veronica hastily informed him in Italian who the visitors were, and turning to Sir Matthew, presented Cesare to him as "My cousin, Prince Cesare de' Barletti."

Cesare bowed, and said, "Ow-dew-doo?"

Sir Matthew bowed, and said nothing; but he was considerably impressed by Cesare's title.

"Oh, I didn't know," he stammered, "I was not aware—I mean I had never heard that you were—connected with foreigners, ma'am, so to speak."

"My mother," said Veronica, with graceful nonchalance, "was a daughter of the house of Barletti. The principality is in the south of the Neapolitan district."

"Oh, really!" said Sir Matthew.

"Mr. Simpson informed me that he was to have an interview with Miss Desmond's guardian, to-day," said Mr. Davis, addressing Veronica.

"Her—guardian?" said Veronica, breathlessly. The word had sent a shock through her frame. Maud's guardian! Why that was *her* father! "Is he—is he here?" she asked quickly.

"Oh yes. Did you not know? It is a Mr. Lovegrove, of Frost and Lovegrove. A very well-known firm."

"Ah! Oh, yes, I understand."

"Mr. Lovegrove acts for Miss Desmond. I understand. Do you know if Mr. Simpson has been at the Admiralty since I saw him? I read the other day that the Furibond was paid off at Portsmouth last week."

"I believe he has," answered Veronica, faintly.

"Then, madam, I make bold to say that unless the other side are determined to litigate at all hazards, you will soon be put out of suspense."

Cesare's ear had caught the faint tones of Veronica's voice, and Cesare's anxious eye had marked her pallor and agitation as the prospect of a speedy verdict on her fate was placed before her. He came immediately to her side. "Thou art not well, dearest," he said, in his own language.

"Yes, quite well. Don't make a scene, Cesare! I will go into my room for a smelling bottle, and come back directly."

"Can I not ring for Louise?"

"No. Stay here."

And Veronica, with a murmured apology to Sir Matthew, glided out of the room.

"Is anything the matter with Lady—with your—with the lady?" asked Sir Matthew.

Cesare, left alone with the two Englishmen, felt himself called upon to make a great conversational effort. He inflated his chest slowly, and answered:

"She—went—for—some—salt."

"Eh?" exclaimed Sir Matthew, staring at him.

"English salt. Sale inglese. Come si dice?"

In his despair Cesare raised his closed fist to his nose, and gave a prolonged sniff.

"Aha!" said Mr. Davis, with a shrewd air. "To be sure; *smelling salts*. Eh? Headache?"

"Yes: eddekke."

"Poor lady! She has been a good deal excited. Her position is a very trying one."

"Very well," said Cesare, a good deal to Sir Matthew's bewilderment. But Cesare merely intended an emphatic affirmative.

Sir Matthew would have liked to strike into the conversation himself, but was withheld by an embarrassing ignorance of the proper form in which to address Bartlett. He could not certainly call him "your highness," and while he was deliberating on the propriety of saying senior—which was his notion of pronouncing the Italian for "sir"—Veronica returned.

She looked a changed creature. Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes extraordinarily lustrous.

"Hope you're better, ma'am," said Sir Matthew.

"Thank you. I have been suffering a little from headache. But it is not severe. I must have patience. My nerves have been greatly shattered."

Her tone was so plaintive, and her face so beautiful, as she said this, that Sir Matthew began to feel a rising indignation against his dead cousin, who could find it in his heart to deceive so charming a creature.

"I—I hope it will come right for you," he said. "I do, upon my soul!"

"I only ask for justice, Sir Matthew. I have undergone great and unmerited suffering. But on that topic my lips are sealed."

Sir Matthew thought this very noble, and looked at Mr. Davis for sympathy. But the attorney was gazing at Veronica, with eyes in whose expression admiration was blended with a kind of watchful curiosity.

By the time the visit was brought to a close the new baronet was completely converted into a partisan of "his cousin's widow," as he now markedly entitled her.

"She's not at all the sort of person I had expected," he said to Mr. Davis, as they walked away together.

"Is she not, Sir Matthew?"

"And that cousin of hers—I suppose he is really a prince, eh?"

"I suppose so—an Italian prince."

"Yes, of course. Well, it isn't for the sake of the share of the money that would come to me—I've got the entailed estate, and no thanks to my Cousin John, either! He would have left it away from me if he could. No, it isn't for that; but I do hope her marriage will turn out to be all right."

"It cannot be long before we know, Sir Matthew."

"Well, I do hope it will come right for her. My Cousin John behaved shamefully to her. He did his best to spite his own family into the bargain. And I don't mind saying that I should be glad if it turned out to be a case of the bitter bit. Only," he added, after a minute's pause, during which he grew almost frightened at his own incautious tone, "only, of course we mustn't go and be rash, and get ourselves into any trouble. A will's a will, you know."

"Why that is just what remains to be seen, Sir Matthew."

CUBAN PIRATES.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

My name is Aaron Smith. I first went to the West Indies, in 1830, on board the merchant ship Harrington. Subsequent events induced me to resign my situation in that vessel, and devote myself to other pursuits. Two years in that part of the world impairing my health, I became anxious to see my family again, and, being then at Kingston, I entered myself as first mate on board the merchant brig Zephyr, waiting for freight to London.

Towards the latter end of June we had completed our cargo, and taken on board our passengers: consisting of a Captain Cowper, five or six children, and a black nurse. Mr. Lumsden, the master, was

an ignorant, obstinate man, who had been nearly all his life in the coal trade. Soon after leaving Port Royal, we encountered strong north-easterly winds, accompanied by a heavy swell from the eastward. Mr. Lumsden consulted me as to whether he should ply for the windward, or bear up for the leeward passage. Not wishing to incur any responsibility, I replied that the windward passage might protract the voyage, but that the leeward would expose us to the risk of being trapped by pirates. Without much consideration he decided on the latter course. We therefore steered for the Great Caumanos, but, the vessel sailing heavily, and the winds being unusually light, we did not reach those islands till the fourth day. The natives came out to us in canoes, and we purchased a few parrots, some turtle, and a quantity of curious and rich-coloured shells. Thence, we steered for Cape Saint Antonio, the south-west point of the island of Cuba, speaking by the way a schooner from New Brunswick that had for six days been struggling for the windward passage. On the following morning we made the Cape, wind light and weather fine; the breezes, too, freshened and became more favourable. At daylight on the following morning we discovered two sail ahead, standing the same course, and, the day being clear, we took a good and leisurely observation of the sun's altitude.

At two o'clock, while walking on deck in conversation with Captain Cowper, I discovered a schooner standing out towards us from the land. She struck me as so suspicious, that I immediately went up aloft, with a telescope, to con her over more closely. I was convinced she was a pirate. I told Cowper so, and we decided to at once call Mr. Lumsden from below. We were at this moment about six leagues from Cape Roman, which bore south-east by east. The obstinate fool Lumsden refused, however, to alter his course, supposing that, because he bore the English flag, no one would molest him.

In about half an hour we could see that the deck of the schooner was black with men, and that she was beginning to lower her boats. This alarmed Mr. Lumsden, who now ordered the course to be altered two points; but it was too late, the stranger being already within gun-shot. In a short time we were within hail, and a voice in English ordered us fiercely to lower our stern boat and send the captain on board. On our not complying, the

pirate fired a volley of musketry. Mr. Lumsden was now paralysed with terror, and gave orders to lay the main yard aback. A boat put off from the pirate, and nine or ten ferocious ruffians armed with muskets, knives, and cutlasses, boarded the *Zephyr*. They at once took charge of the brig and drove Captain Cowper, Mr. Lumsden, and myself, into their boat with blows from the flat part of their sabres. In his frightened haste Mr. Lumsden left the books, which contained the account of all the money on board, open on the cabin table.

The pirate captain ordered us on deck immediately on our arrival. He was a man of uncouth and savage appearance, tallish and stout, with aquiline nose, high cheek bones, a big coarse mouth, and very large staring eyes. His complexion was sallow, and his hair was black. In appearance he much resembled an Indian. His father, I afterwards heard, was a Spaniard, and his mother a Yucatan squaw. On learning from us that the vessels ahead were French merchantmen, he gave orders for all hands to chase. He asked Mr. Lumsden, in broken English, what our cargo was. He was told that it consisted of sugars, rum, coffee, arrowroot, and dye woods. He then asked Mr. Lumsden what money he had on board? On being told none, he broke into a satanic rage.

"Don't imagine that I am fool, sare," he said. "I know all Europe vessel have specie. If you give up what you have, you shall go on your voyage safe and free. If not, I'll keep the *Zephyr*, throw her cargo overboard, and if I find one doubloon, Demonio! I will burn her, with every sacred soul on board."

Towards night, the breeze dying away, the captain relinquished the chase, and gave orders to shorten sail and stand towards the *Zephyr*. After supper, when spirits had been served out to our boat's crew, the captain turned to me, and, to my infinite horror, told me that, as he was in a bad state of health, and none of his sailors understood navigation, he should detain me to help navigate the schooner. I pretended that I was married, and had three children and aged parents anxiously expecting me home. But I appealed to a monster devoid of all feeling, who, when Lumsden begged not to be deprived of my services, savagely replied:

"If I do not keep him, I shall keep you."

Lumsden, with tears in his eyes, privately turned to me and entreated me not to beg off, or he himself would be taken. He had

a large family, and they would then become orphans and destitute. He promised solemnly, the moment he was freed, to go straight to the Havannah, and send a man-of-war in search of the corsair.

"Whatever property you have," he added, "shall be safely delivered to your family; and mine will for ever bless you for your generosity." I foolishly replied that if the lot must eventually fall upon one of us, I would consent to become the victim.

After supper (a bowl of chopped garlic and bread, for which there was a scramble) the pirates fired a musket, as a signal for the *Zephyr* to back in shore, and then one of our men was ordered to the lead, to give notice the moment he found soundings. The captain then asked, angrily, how many American sailors we had on board, as he meant to kill them, because the Americans had lately destroyed one of his vessels. To the Americans, he said, he should never give quarter; and as all nations were hostile to Spain, he would attack all nations. The pirate and the *Zephyr* then anchored in four fathoms, and I and the other prisoners were left on board the pirate. That night we could not sleep, for our carpenter took an opportunity of telling us that the *Zephyr* really had specie on board, and the dread of a cruel death weighed upon us.

At daylight we could perceive the pirates beating the *Zephyr's* crew with the flats of their cutlasses, and making them haul up a rope cable from the after-hatchway, as if to remove the brig's cargo. When the pirate captain returned, he brandished his cutlass over my head, and told me to go on board the *Zephyr* and bring back everything necessary for purposes of navigation, as he had resolved to keep me. When I made no reply, he swore, and, with a ferocious air, waving his sword, said, "Mind and obey me, then, or I will take off your skin." On reaching the *Zephyr* and entering my cabin, I found my chest broken open and two diamond rings gone. The pirates then made us hoist up two seroons of indigo, and as much arrowroot and coffee as they required. They stole all the children's earrings, our foretop-gallant mast and yard, and all the ship's stores, live stock, and water; they then told Mr. Lumsden and Captain Cowper that if they did not produce the concealed money, they would burn the *Zephyr* and all aboard. The children were sent into the schooner, and those two unfortunate men (Lumsden and Cowper) were taken below and lashed to the pumps, round which combustibles

were piled. Lumsden remained obstinate for some time, but at length produced a small roll of doubloons from the round house. Captain Cowper also surrendered nine doubloons which had been entrusted to his care by a poor woman.

The combustibles I have mentioned were lighted, and as the flame approached these poor wretches, their cries were heartrending, and they implored the pirates to turn them adrift to the mercy of the waves, and keep the *Zephyr* and all that they could find in her. Finding no better compromise could be obtained, the captain ordered water to be brought to quench the flames. After a carouse, he drew his knife, ordered me with him back to his own ship, and threatened, with an oath, to cut my head off if I did not move instantly. I asked to be allowed to send my watch to my mother by Mr. Lumsden. This he granted, saying:

"Your people have a very bad opinion of us, but I will convince you that we are not so bad as we are represented."

The *Zephyr* was then cast loose: Mr. Lumsden being first told by the pirate captain that if he caught him steering for the Havannah, he would destroy him and his vessel together. I sank into utter despair as the *Zephyr* receded. My brain began to turn. I was about to throw myself overboard, when the pirates rushed on me, secured me, and placed a guard over me: the captain swearing that, if I made a second attempt, I should be lashed to a gun and left to die of hunger.

At daylight we stood to the south-west, and entered the delightful harbour of Rio Medias. In the afternoon, boats and canoes began to arrive to congratulate the captain on his success, and he received with great pomp two magistrates, a priest, and several ladies and gentlemen; to whom I was shown as an English captive likely to be useful in navigating the vessel. I was asked many questions about England, London, and my religion. Then dancing was proposed. I was selected, against my will, as a partner for Seraphina Riego, one of the magistrates' daughters. I refused to dance, and the lady (she was the most beautiful Spanish girl I ever beheld) told me with tears in her beautiful black eyes, that she sincerely pitied me, and would do what she could to alleviate my sufferings and procure my liberty.

The captain then roughly ordered me out to join the dancers, but Seraphina soon sat down, and we talked about London sights. Her father and the priest being

now busy over their wine, Seraphina went to the captain and entreated that I might be allowed to go on shore, under the pretext that many of the inhabitants had never seen an Englishman; but the captain was inexorable. After the dance and after supper, the captain began to make presents to the guests. To the priest he gave my chest of linen and silks: the priest attributing the recent capture to his incessant prayers to the Virgin. When the visitors had left, the captain being drunk, drew his knife, and ordered me down into the cabin to sleep on the bare floor.

The next day was appointed for the sale of the plunder. Seraphina and her father came aboard early. She shook my hand, and told me that her father was going to try to get me sent on shore. Then I told her that I loved her, but before she could answer, we were interrupted. I had to weigh out the coffee and attend to the steelyards; when that was done, we fired a gun, and two small schooners came out from land and took it on board. The captain then ordered me, before the wearing apparel was put up for sale, to brew a strong mixture of wine, rum, gin, brandy, and porter: this the Spaniards drank greedily and soon finished. As the guests got drunk, they bid enormous sums for the most trifling articles.

I seized an opportunity of giving Seraphina a glowing description of everything in England, and I told her that if she would help me to escape, and would accompany me thither, I would devote my life to her, and marry her on our arrival. She was startled, but by-and-bye relented, and replied, that should she consent to elope with me, a thousand obstacles must first be surmounted. The lower orders of Cubans were avaricious, and treacherous, and not to be trusted; and yet without one for a guide in those immense forests certain destruction would await her and me, from wild beasts or starvation. After some further doubts and fears, she promised, if practicable, to escape with me to the Havannah and thence to England.

Just then a desperate fight with knives took place between two drunken seamen. Both fought with great skill and caution until one fell with a severe stab in the left breast. I was instantly called in as surgeon. It was in vain for me to protest. Mr. Lumsden had told them I had saved the life of a sailmaker who had fallen down the hold. The moment our visitors were gone,

the captain went below and questioned the least injured man as to the cause of their quarrel. The man at last reluctantly owned that there had been a conspiracy formed by the chief mate (then in Havannah), to murder the captain and the whole crew, when drunk or asleep, and to take possession of the ship and plunder. The fight had begun because he had refused to join the conspirators, and had threatened to reveal the plot. The captain's eyes flashed fire at this. Rushing on deck, he told the crew, who, shouting and cursing, rushed below, and, without a question, chopped off legs and arms of the stabbed man with a hatchet, and threw his body overboard, cutting to pieces all his clothes and everything belonging to him.

Next morning a sail was discovered, and I was ordered aloft with my spy glass. "If you deceive me," said the captain, "I will cut off your head. I have already killed several of your countrymen, and take care you do not add yourself to the number." I reported the vessel a merchantman. We gave chase, but she instantly stood to the north, suspecting us. We ordered out the sweeps, and though the wind lulled, made great way. By nightfall the merchantman was hull down. The captain said he would carry on the chase till two in the morning, and if she were not then visible, he would steer east. At daybreak when I came on deck I found every one at a loss to know where we were. The whole crew had been drunk all night. There had been no light in the binnacle, and no log kept, and no one knew what sail had been set, or what the ship had been doing. The captain threatened me with instant death, if I did not give him at once the bearing of our harbour of yesterday. Fortunately I was able about nine o'clock to take a good lunar observation, and, at noon obtaining the true latitude by a good observation of the sun's altitude, I found to my great astonishment that we were about twenty leagues to the N.N.W. of Cape Buenavista, two hundred miles to the westward of where we thought we were. We saw land that afternoon as I predicted we should. I should very likely have been stabbed if we had not.

As we lay in harbour next morning, we saw a boat full of the chief mate's mutineers coming towards us. The captain, declaring he would kill them all, ordered thirty loaded muskets to be brought on deck. Two hundred yards off, the men ceased rowing, and held up a white handkerchief, and on our showing another, they ad-

vanced. The moment they were within range, the captain gave the word, "Fire." Five of the rowers fell dead, and the sixth leaped over, and was picked up by our boat. The captain threatened the bleeding wretch with a cruel and lingering death if he did not confess the whole plot, and ordered him to be exposed naked to the blaze of the sun of a tropical July.

In vain I pleaded for the poor wretch, who persisted in his plea of innocence. They lashed him in the stern of a boat, in which were five armed men and myself, and then rowed him for three hours through a narrow creek formed by a desert reef and the island of Cuba. "The mosquitoes and sand flies will soon make him speak," the captain said, as we pulled off to the mangrove swamp, where insects swarmed in millions. The miserable man was in a moment swollen and wounded from head to foot. His voice began to fail him. Then I entreated them to row to the other side of the island and unloose him. The moment they did so, and he felt the fresh sea breeze, he fainted. On our return on board, the pirates mocked his cries, and the captain asked if he had confessed? I told him the man was dying. "Then he shall have some more, before he dies," replied the monster. Six men then fired on him, and, finding the miserable creature still alive, they fastened a pig of iron to his neck and threw him into the sea. An hour afterwards, the guitars were tinkling, and the songs were passing round as if nothing had happened.

Next morning, just as I had bent a new gaff topsail, we sighted a brig, and gave chase. She heaved to, and displayed the English ensign. We fired a gun and hoisted Spanish colours. The captain, fearing she was a man-of-war, did not care to go nearer, but said he would send a boat, with me as captain, to board her. I protesting and refusing, he ordered the crew to blindfold me and take me forward. A volley of musketry was then fired, and the captain came up and asked if I were not desperately wounded? I saw he had only intended to frighten me so far. I was then lashed to the main-mast and my eyes were unbanded. The captain then cut up a quantity of cartridges, and strewed the powder on the deck all around me, giving orders to the cook to light a match and send it aft. On my persisting in my refusal, he set fire to the powder. The explosion took away my senses for a moment. When I recovered I was in the most horrible torture,

and my clothes were blazing. I could not tear them off with my bound hands. I begged them, for God's sake, to despatch me at once; but they only laughed, and the captain tauntingly asked me if I would obey him now? The excruciating agony forced me to yield. I fainted before they could release me. When I recovered I found myself stretched, in frenzy and delirium, on a mattress in the cabin. Too weak to reach a weapon, I implored the steward to hand me his knife that I might kill myself. He reported this to the captain, who came down in a fury. "You want to kill yourself, young man, I understand, but I do not mean you to die yet." He then ordered me to be strictly watched and my wounds to be dressed. I took advantage of the medicine chest's being brought near me to swallow one hundred and thirty drops of laudanum, hoping never to wake again in this world. The cook, who felt compassion for me, brought me some arrowroot and wine, and told me to my surprise we were at anchor, the captain being convinced that the brig was a man-of-war, and that I had tried to decoy him near her. The good fellow then cautioned me to appear cheerful and satisfied. When he left, and sleep began to overpower me, I commended my soul to God, believing I should never wake again. I slept all night, and they had great difficulty in rousing me next day. The captain was furious at this, and threatened me with a second torturing by gunpowder if I dared try again to kill myself. He then made me get up, and attend to the sick.

The next day a coasting schooner brought word that the Zephyr had arrived at the Havannah.

"See," cried the captain to me, "what dependence can be placed on your countrymen. They are as treacherous as the Americans. The old rascal has broken a solemn promise. And he says I plundered him of fifteen hundred pounds in specie, and I didn't get half that. But mark me! If he remains a few days longer at the Havannah he shall never live to see England. I have three or four men already on the watch to assassinate him. They were new to the trade or would have done it before, but I will now send a sure man, and he shall have ten doubloons for the job. If Lumsden is so fortunate as to escape, and I ever catch him again, I will tie him to a tree in the forest and leave him to starve."

The assassin being got ready was rowed

on shore, and told to get a horse at once and push straight for the Havannah. He left with loud promises of performing his task faithfully.

That evening, as the crew were drinking, playing the guitar, singing and carousing, we heard the dash of oars. The pirates instantly flew to quarters, and dragged me on deck to hail the boat in English. The boat brought word that some of the chief mate's party had arrived ashore, and, vowing vengeance for the fate of their comrades, had pursued our assassin to the house of Riego, the magistrate, whither he had gone to procure a pass for his journey. Nine men of our crew volunteered to pursue the traitors, and at once sallied forth. At midnight they returned. They had surprised four of the chief mate's gang, playing at cards, and drinking under a tree. They had shot two men and taken two prisoners, two more (scouts) had escaped after killing one of our party and wounding another. Our men had unfortunately wounded the magistrate (Seraphina's father), by firing their blunderbusses through the doors and windows. They wanted me to be sent on shore instantly, to attend to the wounded. I was rowed on shore, and then carried on a bed fastened to a horse's back. The first person I saw on my arrival was Seraphina, who cried, "For God's sake take me, for they have just killed my father."

I found her father with one bullet in his shoulder and another in his arm. I dressed his wounds, and those of the pirates. When alone, Seraphina told me she could not fly with me while her father's life was still in danger, but that she remained unchanged, and only waited a fitting opportunity. On our way back the pirates seized another of the chief mate's men who swam out to our boat. Having tortured him, they placed him blindfold on a tree projecting over the sea and shot him. Their other prisoners they had previously fastened to trees and fired at; one monster lamenting that he had lost a bet of a doubloon because he had not killed his man at the first shot.

The next day we captured a Dutch merchantman laden with gin, butter, cheese, and canvas. On my way to shore to visit Seraphina's father, a boat, rowed by six men, came pulling towards us. It was the chief mate and some of his partisans. By my advice (for I knew if my comrades were killed I should share their fate), my men poured in a fire of blunderbusses, and then leaped upon the enemy with their cutlasses. Three mutineers fell by our first fire,

and three were sabred. We only lost one man. When we reached the magistrate's house I found him out of danger, and, to my great joy, Seraphina informed me that she had just engaged a guide for a hundred dollars, and that we should start in eight or ten days. The next time I went on shore, Seraphina—her eyes beaming with love and hope—threw herself into my arms; the guide was ready; the day and the hour could now be fixed. I clasped her to my heart and wept with joy and gratitude. Blushing, she disengaged herself, and entreated me to repress all emotions that might betray us. We then fixed on the next evening for our flight. The evening came, and I obtained leave to go on shore. To my horror I found my reception at Riego's cold and formal. The mother looked at me with anger and distrust, Seraphina stood behind her pale, her cheeks bathed in tears. She made me a signal to be silent. When I passed into the sick man's room he broke forth:

"Well, sir, I have detected your base and nefarious plans. Your very guide informed me of all."

I denied everything, and drew out my lancet, treating him as if delirious. Seraphina burst into tears, accused the guide of having insulted her in the forest, and said that this was his revenge for her having threatened him. I found from Seraphina that the guide, having obtained fifty dollars in advance, had basely betrayed her, but she hoped soon to get a reliable man, and bade me still trust in her sincerity and discretion. Alas! I never saw her more. The next day the assassin sent to destroy Mr. Lumsden returned, his intended victim had luckily sailed before the Spanish rascal had arrived. That same day the pirates murdered the French cook of the Dutch prize, who had become mad, and had been held down among the ballast. He at first defended himself with a hatchet, but they stabbed him in a dozen places and threw him overboard while still breathing. The next day we captured an English brig. Being left on board the prize, I resolved that night, with the aid of two prisoners, to attempt, under cover of darkness, to kill the pirate pilot and his Spanish companion, the only two pirates on board, and to take the vessel to New Orleans; but our captain was too cunning; he sent for me at dusk, and the prisoners were ordered down into the hold. The next day the captain was attacked with a dangerous fever, and in his great alarm pro-

mised me my liberty if I cured him. I now resolved to make a great effort to escape. I confined the captain to his cabin, and gave him an opiate in some arrowroot. That afternoon, which was wet and stormy, two fishermen came on board to barter their fish for spirits. A carouse ensued, and they and the whole crew were soon drunk and asleep. At midnight the storm had driven every one below. Not a star was to be seen; the scud was flying thick and heavy. With a palpitating heart I seized a bag of instruments, in which I had put some biscuit, and crept softly up the companion ladder. Then I stole to the stern of the vessel, gently dropped the bag into the fisherman's canoe, and, letting myself down, cut the painter, and let the canoe drift with the current, in order not to rouse the wretches by any splash of paddle. Once out of hearing, I trimmed the canoe and set sail, steering her in the direction of the Havannah. In the morning I found myself forty miles from the floating hell that had so long been my prison. The wind providentially blew all day from the southwest. All that day and the following night I was alone in the frail canoe, and never sighted a vessel. At six o'clock of the second morning I entered the Havannah, and seeing an old friend pacing the deck of a schooner, I ran my canoe alongside. He was a Captain Williams, whom I had known some years before in America. He welcomed me, gave me refreshments, promised to get me a berth as a mate, and, seeing me weak and exhausted, begged me to lie down and rest. Unluckily for me, when I woke from my deep sleep in the forenoon, finding the captain gone on shore, I followed him. In the first street one of the pirate's men met me, and ran and brought a guard, who arrested me. I was instantly thrown into prison with four or five hundred thieves and murderers, and kept there five weeks before my second examination. After some weeks more I was delivered up to the English, and sent to England, to be tried at the next Admiralty Sessions. At my trial I was particularly charged with assisting in the capture of the ships *Victoria* and *Industry* on the high seas. I pleaded compulsion and the horrid cruelties inflicted on me by that monster the pirate captain. Twenty respectable witnesses deposed to my humanity and character, and Captain Hayes, my old commander, and Mr. John Smith, his brother, an officer in the Royal Navy, spoke up for me like men. I was, thank God, eventually acquitted; but that

mean hound, old Lumsden, for whom I had suffered so much, never showed even a common feeling of gratitude for having saved his own carcass; and but for good friends, I should have been gibbeted like a hunted-down murderer.

TWO ORIGINAL COLONISTS.

At the beginning of the present century an Englishman named Buckley, who entered the army towards the close of the last century, conspired with six others to attempt the life of the Duke of Kent at Gibraltar; he was tried, convicted, and sentenced to transportation for life. He arrived at Port Philip in or about 1803, forming one of a detachment of prisoners intended to form a convict establishment at that place. He was employed as a stonemason (his former trade) in erecting a building for the reception of government stores. The settlement was eventually abandoned, and the convicts were transferred to another part of Australia. Shortly before this abandonment, Buckley made his escape with two other men, named Marmon and Pye. The three ran together for a time; but Pye left his companions before they reached the river at the northern extremity of the bay, being exhausted with hunger and other privations. Marmon remained with Buckley till they had wandered nearly round the bay, and then left him with the intention of returning to the establishment; but neither Pye nor Marmon was ever afterwards heard of. Buckley, thus alone, continued his wanderings along the beach, and completed the circuit of the bay. He afterwards proceeded a considerable distance westward, along the coast; but, becoming weary of his lonely and precarious existence, he determined on returning. When he had retraced his steps round a portion of the bay, he fell in with a party of natives, whom he contrived to conciliate, and with whom he took up his abode. Buckley afterwards expressed a belief that the period which elapsed between his escaping from the convict establishment, to his falling in with the natives, was about twelve months; but he had no very accurate record of the lapse of time.

Here, then, was an Englishman entirely severed from all associations with civilised life, and thrown among savages. How did he fare? The natives received him with great kindness, and he soon attached himself to the chief, whom he accom-

panied in all his wanderings. From the time of his abandonment by Marmon and Pye, until his final return to the establishment (a period of thirty-two years) he did not see a white man. For the first few years, his time and mind were fully occupied in procuring food and guarding against treachery from the natives; but he soon acquired a practical knowledge of their language, adopted their habits, and became one of their community. One of the chiefs gave him a wife; but discovering that she was betrothed to one of her own tribe, Buckley relinquished her. This, however, did not prevent the natives from putting her to death; for it was one of their usages that when a woman had been promised as a wife (which generally happened as soon as she was born), it was considered a binding engagement, the breach of which was visited with summary vengeance. Very little is now known of the aborigines of Australia in their native or untutored state. It is the more interesting to notice the experience of Buckley on this matter, during about one-third of a century.

Buckley found the natives rude and barbarous; often addicted to cannibalism; but well disposed towards the white man. He was unable to introduce among them any essential improvements, feeling that his safety chiefly depended on his conformity to their usages and customs. Their cannibalism was chiefly shown in time of war, when prisoners were killed, roasted, and eaten. Such was the miserable and precarious mode in which they procured their food, that they destroyed their new-born children if born before the former child had attained the age of three or four years: dreading the burden and anxiety of having to support two young children at once. As in all rude communities, the women were completely subservient to the men, acting merely as slaves, and receiving little in return but austerity and violence. Many of their regulations in regard to marriage were singular. A man might have as many wives as he could support; on his death a custom prevailed analogous to the old Mosaic law—his widows became the property of his eldest surviving brother or next of kin. They had a curious custom of prohibiting a man from looking at the mother of the girl given to him in marriage; this was adhered to with the utmost strictness; the greatest concern being evinced if, through any accident, the mother were seen. Buckley could

not find that they had any clear notion of a deity, or any form of worship whatever; yet they entertained an idea that after death they would again exist, but *in the form of white men*. They showed the customary dexterity of such people in the use of the spear, the dart, the arrow, &c., and their senses of sight, hearing, and smell, were very acute. Their habitations were of the most rude and simple construction, being made of the branches of trees arranged with tolerable compactness at an angle of about forty-five degrees; in shape they formed the segment of a circle, the size being proportionate to the number of persons composing the family.

These were the people among whom this Englishman passed so long a period of his life. Buckley never travelled further than a hundred and fifty miles from the spot where he first encountered the natives, during the whole term of thirty-two years; though he never lost the anxious wish to return to civilised society. The circumstances which gave him the desired opportunity were these. Two natives, residing at the English encampment at Port Philip in 1835, stole an axe; having been assured by others that the theft would be severely punished, they absconded. They accidentally fell in with Buckley, to whom they communicated the fact of white men being in the neighbourhood. They announced their intention of procuring other natives to go back with them and spear the white men. Buckley instantly formed a two-fold plan; to save the white men, and to return to civilised life. He succeeded in inducing the runaways to guide him to the encampment whence they had escaped. They did so. The Englishmen at the camp were amazed to see the two runaways accompanied by a man who seemed half Englishman, half savage; he was of lofty stature (six feet two inches), was enveloped in a kangaroo skin rug, was armed with spear, shield, and club, and wore hair and beard of more than thirty years' growth. He seated himself among the natives of the encampment, apparently taking no notice of the white men. They, however, quickly detected his European features. He could not in the least express himself in English; but, after the lapse of ten or twelve days, the remembrance of old familiar words and phrases came back to him sufficiently for the purposes of conversation. The native family with whom Buckley had so long resided, and who had become greatly attached to him, bitterly lamented

his leaving them. He remained at the settlement, and expressed a wish to be employed as a medium of communication between the English and the natives. When his case was made known to the representatives of the government, as well as the service which he had rendered to the encampment, a pardon was forwarded to him. It was a time of strong emotion for the poor fellow; and nothing could exceed the joy he evinced at feeling himself a free man, received again within the pale of civilised society. What became of Buckley afterwards, was probably not considered of sufficient importance to be placed upon record.

Let us now notice another original colonist, who certainly did *not* become semi-savage, but lived to be a well-to-do old gentleman in the colony whose birth he witnessed.

John Pascoe Fawcner, born in London in 1792, went to Australia at the early age of eleven. A few women and children were allowed to accompany the troops who guarded the convicts sent out in 1803, to found a new penal settlement on the shores of the recently discovered Port Philip; and the boy Fawcner went out with his mother. Buckley was possibly one of the very convicts who went out in the same ship (the *Calcutta*, fifty-six guns) with this youngster. Captain Collins, who was to govern the new settlement, pitched his tents on a strip of sandy beach in the bay; but fresh water was so scarce, and the country around seemed so barren, that he abandoned the place after a few months: government officers, soldiers, and convicts, all taking their departure to Van Diemen's Land (now called Tasmania), where they formed the settlement which has since expanded into Hobart Town, or Hobarton, the capital of a distinct colony. Young Fawcner got employment as a shepherd, and three years afterwards joined his father in farming. An energetic and restless character was developed in him, which lasted throughout life; but he committed one mistake which happily he did not repeat. At the age of twenty-two he mixed himself up in a plot for the escape of convict prisoners; and he found it necessary to beat a hasty retreat to Sydney, where he remained three or four years, as a sawyer. The year 1818 found him married, and settled at the new town of Launceston in Van Diemen's Land. Besides being a trader, he acted as agent or pleader in some of the subordinate law and criminal courts, at a time when regular barristers and attorneys were rather scarce.

He turned publican in 1826. Three years afterwards, he started the first newspaper published in the town: a weekly journal called the *Launceston Advertiser*. Governor Arthur was at that time always at open war with the free colonists, whom he regarded as being almost as bad as the convicts. Fawcner threw himself heart and soul into the struggle against him; and the newspaper continued to be influential and well-conducted for many years.

Pascoe Fawcner entered upon a new scene in 1835. Port Philip began to be talked about in a more favourable tone than thirty-two years previously. He resolved to try his fortune in that new region. Having sold all his acquired property, he bought the schooner *Enterprise*, and stored her with live stock, farming implements, and seeds, common coarse food and clothing, blankets, tomahawks, knives, and handkerchiefs suitable to the aborigines. A very large and varied assortment of fruit-trees were also shipped, together with the materials for a house. He had five partners, respectively named Hay, Mars, Evans, Jackson, and Lancey. Two months before Mr. Batman had landed near the spot now occupied by the busy town of Geelong, had advanced to the river Yarra, had got the aborigines to sign some deeds making over an enormous tract of country, and had built some rough huts as the commencement of a settlement.

On the 10th of October, 1835, Mr. Fawcner set foot on the mainland of Australia. It was the anniversary of the day when he had landed there in 1803. He and his party first explored the eastern shore of Port Philip bay; but deeming it ineligible, they pushed on to the river Yarra, where they landed their goods, pitched their tents, and plunged and sowed small plots of land. But the Batman party did not relish this; they warned off the Fawcner party. The latter were found to have selected the most favourable spot; and the two parties came almost to open war, in the very spot where the great city of Melbourne now stands. The Batmanites were too strong for the Fawcnerites, in virtue of government support they received; and Mr. Fawcner, frustrated in various ways, nevertheless made a living by keeping a store, lending out horses to exploring parties, and practising as a bush-lawyer. When land became sufficiently valuable to be offered for sale, he became a buyer. One of his plots was at the corner of the present Flinders and King-streets,

and another at the corner of Collins and Market-streets—now among the busiest spots in Melbourne. He built a brick hotel (the first brick house in the settlement), in the last-named locality, and supplied his guests with a good library as well as a good stock of English newspapers, then a rare luxury in the infant colony. He next set up a little newspaper. It was no easy matter to print it; but he bought a small parcel of refuse type at Launceston, and engaged a youth who had had a few months' practice as a compositor. In 1839, he replaced the Advertiser (the venturesome little paper was so called) by the more majestic Port Philip Patriot.

For thirty years longer did this remarkable and energetic man help to advance, not only his own interests, but those of the city of Melbourne, and the colony of Victoria (which the Port Philip district was empowered to become.) He bought eight hundred acres at a spot which he named Pascoe Vale; then he converted the Patriot into a daily paper; then he established a large sheep station; then he grew grapes and became a wine-maker; then he established a land-society, which has proved a great success; then he bravely took part in the movement which prevented the continuance of transportation to the Australian colonies; then he became a member of the legislative council; then he was instrumental in developing the gold industry. Since that time, in the upper chamber (the House of Lords of the colony), "the absence of the president himself would not have seemed more strange than that of the velvet skull-cap and the old-fashioned blue cloak in which Mr. Fawcner was wont to sit."

It was natural and fitting that the colonists regarded as a public ceremonial the funeral of Pascoe Fawcner on the 8th of September last.

PARAPHRASES FROM "GALLUS."

The verses paraphrased below, though generally to be found in collections of the "Poems attributed to Gallus," are also printed among the fragments of the Satyrion. The first of these little poems must undoubtedly have suggested Ben Jonson's song in the Silent Woman, beginning:

*"Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast," &c.,*

Ben Jonson's own paraphrases prove that he read Petronius.

SEMPER MUNDITIAS, SEMPER, BASSILESSA, DECORES.

Dress, at all hours arranged with studious care
O Bassilessa, and adornment nice,
Locks, at all hours, of never-wandering hair
Sleek'd by solicitous comb to curls precise,

Delight not me: but unconstrain'd attire.
And she whose beauty doth itself neglect.
Free are her floating locks: nor need she have
Colours or odours, who, herself, is deckt
In natural loveliness—a living flower!
Ever to feign, in order to be loved,
Is never to confide in love. The power
Of beauty, best in simplest garb is proved.

EPITAPH ON DYONISIA.

Here doth Dyonisia lie.
She, whose little wanton foot
Tripping (ah! too carelessly!)
Toucht this tomb, and fell into 't.

Trip no more shall she, nor fall.
And her trippings were so few!
Summers only eight in all
Had the sweet child wander'd through.

But, already, life's few suns
Love's strong seed had ripen'd warm.
All her ways were winning ones:
All her cunning was to charm.

And the fancy, in the flower,
While the flesh was in the bud
Childhood's dawning sex did dower
With warm gusts of womanhood.

O what joys by hope begun,
O what kisses kist by thought,
What love-deeds by fancy done,
Death to deedless dust hath wrought

Had the Fates been kind as thou,
Who, till now, was never cold,
Once Love's aptest scholar, now
Thou hadst been his teacher bold:

But, if buried seeds upthrew
Fruits and flowers; if flower and fruit
By their nature fitly show
What the seeds are, whence they shoot,

Dyonisia, o'er this tomb,
Where thy buried beauties be,
From their dust shall spring and bloom
Loves and graces like to thee.

NEW LIGHT ON AN OLD SUBJECT.

FOUR hundred and twenty years ago, there suddenly appeared on the stage of public events in England, a remarkable man, with a great name, a great cause, a great purpose, and a great following. His real name was said to be John Cade. His assumed name was John Mortimer. He claimed to be a scion of the royal House of Plantagenet, and first cousin to Richard, Duke of York—he of the White Rose—whose quarrel with the Red Rose kept England in a turmoil of civil war for more than a quarter of a century. This personage, a great reformer in his day, popularly known as the Captain of Kent, and "John Amend-All," has received but sorry treatment at the hands of history, while at the hands of poetry, as represented by Shakespeare, or whoever was the real author of the three historical plays of Henry the Sixth, of which Shakespeare was the reviser and adapter, he has received very great injustice. Had he been left to history alone,

no more harm would have been done to his memory than such as is usually inflicted upon those who are guilty of the political crime of unsuccess; but poetry, unluckily for "the Captain's" fame, has warped history aside, and presented us with a caricature instead of a true picture. Let us endeavour by the light of discoveries recently made, to show Cade as he was, and not as Shakespeare has depicted him.

The earnest political reformers, or *rebels* as it was the fashion to call them, who arose in the early days of English history to do battle against oppression, never received fair treatment at the hands of historians. Having no printing-press, by means of which to detail and discuss their grievances, and no means of organising public opinion to operate upon the minds of men in power, there were no means open to them for the remedy of intolerable abuses but the rough and unsatisfactory arbitrament of physical force. If they succeeded, which they did sometimes, it was well. If they failed, and were so unhappy as not to die on the battle-field, they suffered the rebel's doom, and left their name and fame to posterity, which did not always care to remember them.

Among the most notable of these English "rebels" who would be called reformers if they lived in our day, was John Cade. In the Second part of the play of King Henry the Sixth, he is represented as an illiterate and brutal ruffian, sprung from the very dregs of the populace, with the manners of an American "rowdy," or of that equally detestable product of our own modern civilisation, the English "rough." Shakespeare invariably speaks of him under the familiar and contemptuous epithet of "Jack," and though he adheres with more or less exactitude to the truth of history as regards the leading facts of his career, he wholly misrepresents his character and objects; and is about as unfair as a dramatist of our day would be, if he introduced George Washington to the stage in the character of a clown, or of a Sheffield trades unionist.

In the year 1450, when Cade made his appearance as a reformer of abuses, very great discontent prevailed among the Commons. This, however, was by no means an abnormal state of affairs. At no time after the Conquest until the age of James the Second, were the Commons particularly well affected to the Norman kings or satisfied with the state of England, and many vigorous but unsuccessful leaders of revolt had from time to time appeared. The

discontent in England at this time was remarkably bitter. It was partly occasioned by the inglorious issues of the war in France, and the cession of the Duchies of Anjou and Maine, once appanages of the crown of England; partly by the misgovernment of the king at home—the consequence of his own weakness of character—his subjection to his stronger minded and imperious queen, and the sway that he allowed unworthy favourites to exercise over him; partly by the pretensions of the House of York to the throne; and partly if not chiefly by the constant illegal and extortionate demands which were made upon that very sore place in the estimation of all true Englishmen, then as now, the pocket of the people. The Duke of Suffolk, the queen's favourite, who had long exercised a malign influence, had been banished and slain, to the great displeasure of the king, and of Queen Margaret; and Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, the protector of England during the king's long minority, had been treacherously murdered, to Henry's exceeding shame and sorrow. The sturdy Commons of Kent were louder in their dissatisfaction than the Commons in other parts of England; though the discontent elsewhere was by no means of a gentle character. The anger of the Kentish men was particularly excited by a report, that the whole county was to be laid waste, and turned into a deer forest, in punishment for the murder of the Duke of Suffolk, with which the men of Kent had nothing to do. The Duke of York with an eye to his own interest, took advantage of the growing ill-will of the Commons, and fostered and fomented it by every means in his power. He found an instrument ready to his hands in John Cade, a gentleman of Ashford, in Kent, supposed by some to be a near relative of his own, and a true scion of the House of Mortimer. However that may be, Cade had served under the duke in the Irish expedition of 1449, with great renown and bravery. "About this time," says honest John Stow in his *Annales of England*, "began a new rebellion in Ireland, but Richard Duke of York being sent thither to appease the same so assuaged the furie of the wild and savage people there, that he won such favour among them, as could never be separated from him and his lineage." Cade's gallant behaviour on the battle field, and his striking personal resemblance to the Mortimers, marked him out to the ambitious Duke of York, as a person who might be safely trusted with his cause among the

Kentish Commons; and Cade, assuming the name of Mortimer, lent himself heartily to the project. The fires of discontent smouldered all over England, and in Kent needed but a strong breath, to blow them into a blaze. Such a breath was found in the person and the pretensions of Cade.

On Whit-Sunday, the 24th of May, all measures for an outbreak having been previously taken by the adherents of the Duke of York and the personal friends of Cade, the Commons of Kent in large numbers flocked to Ashford, where Cade resided, well armed, and ready to serve under his banner. Day by day their numbers increased, and by the Saturday following he found himself at the head of a host so numerous as to encourage him in marching upon London. On Sunday, the 31st of May, he encamped upon Blackheath, his army amounting, in the computation of the time, which was, probably, much exaggerated, to one hundred thousand men. He took the title of Captain of Kent, and aspired to talk with the king, as potentate with potentate.

The city of London sympathised with his cause. The rising spread from Kent to Essex, Sussex, and Surrey; and in a short time, Cade had force at his command sufficient, if judiciously handled, to revolutionise the kingdom, and seat the Duke of York upon the throne. His first proceedings were eminently cautious, prudent, and statesmanlike. His great error was that he did not boldly march into London when the time was ripe and the Londoners favourable, but established his head-quarters in Southwark. His misfortunes were that he was unable to control his followers, and prevent them from pillaging the merchants; and that he was not supported in proper time by the Duke of York. For a month he lay encamped on Blackheath, to the great consternation of the king and his court, and levied contributions on the country round, granting free passes to all who were well affected to his cause, promising future payment for all goods and provisions supplied for the use of his army, forbidding pillage and robbery under the penalty of death, which he more than once inflicted upon a disobedient follower, and acting in all respects as if he were a legally-appointed general, waging a legitimate war. Towards the king's person he expressed the utmost devotion, and declared that his sole purpose in taking arms was the removal of evil counsellors from the royal presence, and the peaceable redress of the grievances of the people. His

Complaint of the Commons of Kent and Cause of the great Assembly on Blackheath, as textually set forth in Stow's Annals, are ranged under seventeen distinct heads. This document asserted that the Commons of Kent were not guilty of the murder of the Duke of Suffolk, and protested against the threat of converting the county into a "wilde foreste," in punishment thereof. It furthermore alleged that the king wasted the revenues of the crown upon his favourites, and laid taxes upon the people to supply the deficiency thus created; that the lords of the blood royal (i.e. of the house of York) were put out of the royal presence, and mean persons of lower nature exalted and made of his privy council; that the people of the realm were not paid for the stuff and purveyance taken for the use of the king's household; and that the king's retainers and favourites made a practice of accusing innocent persons of treason and other crimes, in order to gain possession of their confiscated estates. One chief cause of the disaffection was the harsh and unjust collection of a tax called the "fifteen penny," amounting to the fifteenth of every person's annual income. Another was the illegal interference of the court in the free election of knights of the shire; and another the gross venality and corruption of the officials in every department of the state. This "Complaint," whether drawn up by Cade himself or inspired by him, was highly creditable to his ability. It was accompanied by another paper, entitled The Requests of the Captain of the Great Assembly in Kent. This document consisted of five terse and significant paragraphs. The first set forth the Captain's loyalty to his sovereign lord the king, and all his true lords, spiritual and temporal, and his design that he should reign like a "king royal" and a true christian king anointed; the second expressed the captain's desire that the king should avoid all the false progenie and affinity of the Duke of Suffolk, and take to his person the true lords of the realm, notably the high and mighty prince the Duke of York; the third, his desire that immediate punishment should be inflicted upon the murderers of the excellent Duke of Gloucester (Duke Humphrey); fourth, an accusation of treason against, and demand of punishment on all who were concerned in the loss or alienation of Anjou and Maine, and the other possessions of the English crown in France. The fifth—a comprehensive article—denounced the extortion daily used

among the common people: and complained of "that *greene waxe*, which is freely used to the perpetual destruction of the king's true Commons of Kent." It is this mention of *greene waxe*, with which exchequer writs, so loudly complained of by Cade, appear to have been sealed, that excited the mirth of the dramatist, when he makes Cade say, "Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment, and that parchment scribbled o'er should undo a man? Some say the bee stings, but I say it is the bees' *wax*, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never more my own man since."

This paragraph further complained of several kinds of extortion to which the Commons were subjected, and specially named "four extortioners and false traitors," who were to be punished as an example to similar evil-doers, one of whom named Crowmer, Sheriff of Kent, afterwards fell into Cade's hands, and was decapitated without shrift.

King Henry, urged on by Queen Margaret and by the people in her interest, whose heads would have been in very considerable danger had Cade been triumphant, resolved, after misgivings, which, to a man of his easy, amiable nature, were probably both sore and long-protracted, to take the field against Cade. He could muster, however, no more than fifteen thousand men against Cade's one hundred thousand. Cade, who did not wish to fight the king, for whose "sacred" person he expressed much devotion, retired unexpectedly from Blackheath to Sevenoaks. Henry did not follow; but dispatched a force under Sir Humphrey Stafford, to do battle with the formidable rebel. Sir Humphrey and his brother were killed, and their force routed with great loss. Cade, highly elated, returned to Blackheath; and the poor king, losing courage, retreated to the very heart of England—to Kenilworth Castle—leaving to others the task, either of fighting or parleying with the redoubtable leader of the Commons. The king, as Hall's Chronicle reports, was not quite certain of the fidelity of his own troops. "The king's army," says the historian, "being at Blackheath, and hearing of his discomfiture (that of Sir Humphrey Stafford), began to grudge and murmur among themselves; some wishing the Duke of York at home to aid his cousin (the Captain of Kent); some desiring the overthrow of the king and his counsel, others openly crying out on the queen and her accomplices." The circumstances were evidently serious, and Cade

was well nigh master of the situation. To allay the popular excitement, the king was advised to commit several of the persons against whom the tide of indignation ran strongest to the Tower; notably, the Lord Say, and his son-in-law, Crowmer, the Sheriff of Kent; both of whom were held in particular disesteem by the Commons of Kent. This concession, however, was not sufficient to satisfy either Cade or the Commons, and Cade marched back from the scene of his little victory at Sevenoaks, to his old quarters at Blackheath, to confer with his friends in the city of London. On the part of the king, or rather of the queen, two powerful nobles were deputed to wait upon him in his camp, and ascertain on what conditions he would lay down his arms, and disband his followers. Cade was equal to the encounter of argument, and though described by Shakespeare as a coarse and illiterate bully, he was found to be a person of a very different stamp by the Archbishop of Canterbury and Humphrey, Duke of Buckingham, the two great peers who sought a conference with him. Hall describes Cade as "a young man of a goodly stature and a pregnant wit." The lords "found him," he adds, "sober in communication, wise in disputing, arrogant in heart, stiff in opinion, and by no means possible to be persuaded to dissolve his army, except the king in person would come to him, and consent to all things which he would require."

Cade was now at the very zenith of his fortunes, and had the Duke of York, then absent in Ireland, hastened over to his support, it is likely that the White Rose would have taken the place of the Red, and that Henry the Sixth would have had to moralise sooner than he did, upon the miseries that encompassed anointed kings. But the Duke of York did not make his appearance, and Cade was left to himself to fight the battle of the Commons, rather than the battle of a claimant to the crown. But as it happens in all times, there are men whose heads are turned with the full flow and tide of prosperity, and Cade was of the number. He struggled bravely against adversity, but good fortune was too much for him. He made a triumphal entry from Southwark into the city over the bridge, which was then the sole means of ingress for an army, and passing London Stone in Watling-street, struck it with his sword in the pride of his heart, as if to take possession, exclaiming, "Now is Mortimer Lord of this City!" And he was lord of it: and could he have held his followers in order,

might have made himself dictator of the kingdom. But he could not control the passions of the Kentish men who thirsted for the blood of Lord Say, the high treasurer, and of his son-in-law Crowmer, the sheriff. The king, on taking his departure, had not left the city entirely at the mercy of the insurgents; but had left a valiant commander, one Matthew Gough, whom Stow quaintly calls "a manly and warly man," in command of the Tower when he and his court effected their ignominious retreat to Kenilworth, with strict orders to watch the movements of the citizens, and prevent them from lending effective assistance to Cade. All but the very wealthiest of the inhabitants were on the side of the rebellion, and even some of these wavered in their allegiance to their weak sovereign and his corrupt surroundings. On the 3rd of July, Cade for the second time entered the city from Southwark, amid the acclamations of the people, and proceeding to the Guildhall, where the Lord Mayor sat for the administration of justice, ordered, rather than requested, that functionary, to send for Lord Say to the Tower, and have him arraigned forthwith for malfeasances in his office, and for oppression of the people. Lord Say took objection to the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction, and demanded to be tried by his peers; but Cade's followers, whether with or without the order or concurrence of the Captain does not very clearly appear, laid violent hands on the unhappy nobleman, led him out to the conduit in Cheapside, struck off his head and placed it upon a pole, and afterwards drew his naked body through the streets from Cheapside to Cade's head-quarters in Southwark. A similar fate befell Crowmer, the unpopular Sheriff of Kent, and the ferocious multitude, bearing his head upon a pole, presented its dead lips to the dead lips of Lord Say, as if the two were kissing, to the great delight of the rabble, and to the disgust of the respectable citizens. That evening Cade dined with Philip Malpas, an alderman and wealthy draper, well affected to his cause; but unluckily some of his unruly followers, setting at nought Cade's edict against pillage, despoiled the rich merchant's house, and carried off his plate and other valuables. This and a similar robbery committed on the following day at the house of another wealthy citizen, named Gherstis, proved to be the turning points of Cade's fortunes. The leading citizens, though alarmed at the turbulence of the mob in the murder of Lord Say and the

Sheriff of Kent, might have forgiven murder, but could not forgive pillage, and it was resolved by the Lord Mayor and aldermen, counselled by the "manly and warly" soldier at the Tower, that when Cade next left the city for Southwark, his departure should, if possible, be final, and that his re-entry over the bridge should be opposed by the whole available force both of the Tower and of the city. Had Cade, in the first flush of victory, established himself in the heart of London, as he might easily have done, this difficulty would have been avoided. Matthew Gough seems to have been well aware of the strategic mistake the Kentish leader had thus committed, and undertook to defend the bridge the next time that Cade and his followers attempted to cross it. He had not to wait long for his opportunity. At nine o'clock in the evening of Sunday the 5th of July, having in the morning caused one of his followers to be beheaded for pillage, with a view no doubt of conciliating the wealthy Londoners, and proving to them that he individually had no part in the pillage of rich aldermen, Cade, at the head of his company, attempted to enter the city. Stow thus tells what ensued:

"On the fifth of July, the Capitaine being in Southwarke caused a man to be beheaded there, and that day entred not the Citie. When night was come, the Mayor and the Citizens with Mathew Gough, kept the passage of the bridge against the Kentishmen which made great force to re-enter the Citie. Then the Capitaine seeing this bickering, went to harness, and assembled his people, and set so fiercely upon the Citizens, he drave them back from the stoupes in Southwarke, or bridge foote, unto the drawbridge in defending whereof many a man was drowned and slaine. Among the which was John Sutton, Alderman, Mathew Gough, a squire of Wales, and Roger Hoisand, Citizen. This skirmish continued all night till nine of the clocke on the morrow, so that sometime the Citizens had the better, and sometimes the other, but ever they kept them on the bridge so that the Citizens never passed much the bulwarke at the bridge foote, nor the Kentishmen no farther than the drawbridge. Thus continuing the cruel fight, to the destruction of much people on both sides, lastly, after the Kentishmen were put to the worst, a truce was agreed upon for certaine houres."

The disaffection of the citizens of London, and its hourly, if not momentary increase, becoming known to the Archbishop

of Canterbury, who was at the same time also Lord High Chancellor of England, that eminent functionary, having full powers from the king, took advantage of the opportunity to proclaim a pardon to Cade and all his followers, if they would lay down their arms and disperse. The offer acted magically upon Cade's force, disheartened alike by the defection of the Londoners, the non-arrival of the Duke of York, and their own repulse on London Bridge, and they began to desert. Cade, however, was not wholly disheartened, but consented to meet the Lord Chancellor at the Church of St. Margaret's, Southwark, and discuss the matter amicably. The Lord Chancellor insisted upon absolute and unqualified submission: Cade, on his part, insisted that all the seventeen articles of the complaint of the Commons as set forth by him, should be accepted and acted upon by the king. The Lord Chancellor having fought out the matter as long as he could, and finding Cade not to be won over by flattering speeches and fine promises, agreed to the terms imposed. The fact was notified to Cade's army, who, forthwith, imagining the ends of the insurrection to have been achieved, began in large numbers to take their departure to their homes. Cade, however, mistrusted the Chancellor's powers, and prevailed upon a certain portion of his followers to remain under arms, until the king and parliament, assembled at Westminster for the purpose, should solemnly ratify the agreement. But Cade was not sufficiently supported. The defection, the lukewarmness, or the open hostility of the Londoners, perhaps a combination of all these, had so disheartening an effect upon the "Commons," that Cade's once mighty hosts melted almost entirely away, and he found himself within less than two days at the head of a poor remnant, numbering less than a thousand men. Not wholly beaten, having still a hope left of the Kentish people, Cade made his way to Rochester, with the intention of making a new appeal to the oppressed Commons. But it was "too late." His followers had not their leader's courage or honesty of purpose, and fell to fighting about the miserable military chest they had carried away with them. In five days Cade was wholly deserted, and fled for his life. A proclamation was forthwith issued, offering a reward of a thousand marks, for his head, dead or alive, on the ground that he had scorned the king's pardon, and persisted in waging war against the royal authority after terms of surrender and compromise had been agreed upon. Procla-

mations for the arrest of offenders, whether in civil or criminal cases, are proverbially unfavourable in their descriptions of the personal appearance and antecedents of the persons whom it is sought to capture. In Cade's case there was no exception to this ancient, and it may be added, this modern, rule. He was described as an Irishman, which he was not; as one who had in Surrey, while in the service of Sir Thomas Dacres, feloniously slain a woman with child, and of having fled to France to escape the consequences of this act, and while there of taking up arms on "the French part" against the English. The proclamation produced speedy effect. The once popular idol was deserted on every hand: none were so poor as to do him reverence, none so charitable as to give him a crust of bread, or a glass of water in his need; and, like Masaniello and Rienzi, he found that the same voices which could cheer and shout in the days of his prosperity, could curse him as lustily in the hour of his calamity. The proclamation was issued on the 10th of July, and on the 15th he was discovered in the garden of one Alexander Iden or Eden, in Heathfield, in Sussex, and slain after a desperate defence. His head was taken to London, affixed upon the bridge, and his quarters distributed among the various towns and districts, where the disaffection, of which he was the leader, was supposed to be the most widely spread. One quarter was sent to Blackheath; a second to Norwich, where the bishop (Walter Harpe) was supposed to favour the cause of the Duke of York; a third to Salisbury; and the fourth to Gloucester, where the Abbot of St. Peter's had influence over the people, and was known, or suspected, to be a Yorkist.

Thus lived and died John Cade, the victim of the violence which he provoked; but in his career no more worthy of blame than many more illustrious personages who shared his opinions, and brought them to more successful issue. The Duke of York, as readers of English history will remember, though he did not aid his faithful Cade, as he ought to have done, at the right moment, lived for years afterwards to keep England in a state of agitation and civil war by his pretensions. He did not himself mount the uneasy throne to which he aspired, but left his pretensions to his son Edward, who made them good by his strong right arm, and wore the regal crown, which, in those days, was but too often a crown of agony both to those who inherited and to those who conquered it.

The last mention of Cade in history appears in Stow, under date of January, 1451, seven months after the collapse of the great rebellion of the Commons. The discontent, even then, appears to have smouldered—for the merciful King Henry, who loved not to take life, was induced by the advice of the queen and her evil councillors, whom it was the object of Cade and the Duke of York to remove from his presence, to take a journey into Kent, for the purpose of striking terror.

"The 18th of January, the king with certain lordes, and his justices rode towards Kent, and there indicted and arraigned many, whereof to the number of twenty-six were put to death, eight at Canterbury, and the residue in other townes of Kent and Surrey. And the king returning out of Kent on the 23rd of Februarie, the men of that countrey, naked to their shirtes, in great numbers, met him on the Blackheath; and there on their knees asked mercy, and had their pardon. Then the king rode royally through the citie of London, and was of the citizens joyfully received; and the same day against the king's coming to the citie, nine heads of the Kentishmen that had been put to death were set on London Bridge; and the *captaine's head*, that stood there before was set in the midst of them."

But as long as the Duke of York lived, all the efforts of the king's councillors—whether they were conciliatory or the reverse—were of little avail for the tranquillisation of the Commons; and seven years after the death of Cade a proclamation was issued for the apprehension of one Robert Poynings, uncle of the Countess of Northumberland, who had acted as Cade's carver and sword-bearer, and who during the whole of this time had been actively engaged in stirring up the Commons of Kent to new rebellion, though with but slight success.

It has hitherto been considered, on the authority of Shakespeare and the early historians, not only that Cade was a vulgar "rowdy," and a man of no education or acquirements; but that his followers were a mere mob and rabble of the very lowest order. It appears, however, from the Patent Roll of the twenty-eighth year of Henry the Sixth, which has recently been examined, and formed the subject of an interesting paper, which was read by Mr. William Durrant Cooper, at a meeting of the Archæological Society of Kent, at Ashford in that county, the scene of Cade's earliest exploits, that this is a mistake.

Among those who were pardoned for their participation in Cade's rebellion after the interview with the Lord Chancellor at St. Margaret's Church, are the names of several of the richest and most influential people of the county. There were knights, abbots, esquires, gentlemen, and yeomen: besides handicraftsmen of all sorts: "Cade's army was not a disorganised mob," says Mr. Cooper, "nor a chance gathering. In several Hundreds the constables duly, and as if legally, summoned the men; and many parishes, particularly Marden, Penshurst, Hawkhurst, Northfleet, Boughton, Smarden and Pluckley, furnished as many men as could be found in our own day, fit for arms." Among the mayors, bailiffs, and constables pardoned for having summoned the people to join Cade's standard, first at Ashford, and then at Blackheath, after his victory at Sevenoaks, were the mayors of Canterbury, Chatham, Maidstone, Rochester, Sandwich, and Queensborough; the bailiff of Folkestone, and the constables of eight-and-twenty hundreds and villages which are duly set forth in the roll. Among the gentlemen pardoned were several who had been, and several who afterwards became, sheriffs of Kent. Many families who to this day hold their heads high in Kent, Surrey, and Sussex, will find the names of their ancestors in this document, if they choose to look for them; while in the list will be found many names once common that have now wholly disappeared, to crop up perhaps in unexpected places in America.

Shakespeare puts into the mouth of the dying Cade, after his fatal combat with Iden in the garden, the words:

Tell Kent, from me, she hath lost her best man;
and it does not appear from an impartial review of his whole story, and the light thrown upon it by documentary evidence, that the boast was at all unfounded.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

A YACHTING STORY.

CHAPTER VII. HISTORY OF MR. CONWAY.

LOED FORMANTON, the father of the owner of the schooner yacht *Almandine*, was a nobleman of great wealth, a busy lord, with a fine park and estate—a noble seat, Formanton, on which there was an elderly archdeacon. The rental was large, and that curious, incomprehensible heir, whom mammas could not make out, had been asked to this house and that, importuned to this castle and that; if he had made

a point of it he might have had files of young ladies of good birth and condition drawn up for his inspection; a lane of rank and beauty down which he might walk and choose. But nothing could be made of the creature, though with unwearied perseverance they tried him with everything. He gave them credit for cleverness, owning that with a surprising instinct they *had* divined some of his tastes. Nothing could be made of him. He went about in an undecided fashion, half dissatisfied, half seeking for that philosopher's stone of the ideal soul above all the dross and imperfection of this world, which, if really found, would, by the fatal blight of familiarity and restlessness, in a short time be found unsatisfactory.

In every circle is to be found this being, who indeed, as it were, drives "a good trade" in the business, the good-looking "misunderstood one," who meets now and again one that can understand him a little, who is always in the end turning out a deception. Thus he has to pass on to another. In his early stages such a young man was Mr. Conway, but he gradually worked himself free of such affectation, though it took a long, long time. When urged to go into politics, the same nicety and hesitation pursued him. No party was up to his ideal: "the representation of a vast number of fellow-creatures seemed an *awful trust*, from which a man might shrink." At least he must try and fit himself for the solemn duty; and so the time, and worse, the opportunity, passed by. Thus with the many advantageous alliances that were proposed to him. That, too, was an awful trust, alas! not to be laid down, as could be the parliamentary one. But what distinguished him from others, and saved him from the category of "fop," "ridiculous stuck-up fellow," was, that all this was conscientious and genuine. It would have worn off like bad plating but for a calamity that really was to colour his whole life.

The present Lord Formanton was twice married, as will be seen by turning to the great Golden Book. His first wife, Mr. Conway's mother, was one of the most charming of women: sweet and amiable, charitable and good, as it were savouring the whole household with a delicate fragrance of simplicity, which is known and but to be described as "goodness." She was very young when married, and when Mr. George Conway was a youth, really looked like his sister. Her husband, a good-

natured, rather foolish little peer, always fussy, but credulous, was busy with a hundred little trifles in the day, which, through the magnifier of a dull simplicity which never left his eye a moment, were enlarged to vast proportions.

They made a very happy trio. There was a softness and sweetness about her which was her special charm. The young worldling, her son, became natural, soft, gentle, and loving, when with her. Being with her, he thought education, teaching, and reading were all in her gentle face. She cared as much for him.

Conway had a friend a good deal older than himself, for whom he had a sort of romantic admiration, and with whom he interchanged a good deal of his epicureanism and scepticism, and whom he would force his friends to admire rapturously. "I know no type of chivalry like Rochester," he would say; "he is the noblest, most unselfish fellow in the world: gentle as a woman, brave as a lion. *He* was the first who *really said*, 'Go, poor fly,' which that snivelling Sterne only imagined his Toby saying." This Rochester was a tall, slightly stooped man, a little grizzled, with a soft voice and eye. His gentle mother, Mr. Conway insisted, should appreciate and admire this hero, and she would have obliged him in a far more difficult thing than that. But why dwell on that marvel of stupid blindness, when all the town was looking on and smiling, and shaking its head? It duly prophesied, and saw its prophecy fulfilled. Lord Formanton and his son had gone away for a short voyage in a yacht which the most chivalrous of men had insisted upon lending; and Rochester had been conjured and implored, as he was a chivalrous man, to look after the dear mother whom they were to leave behind for a week only. The type of chivalry wrung his friend's hand, and with a certain reluctance, as though he were making a sacrifice, promised solemnly to do what was asked. Then came the nine days' wonder, the inquiries, the mystery, the telegraphing, and the "I saw it all along." When husband and son came rushing home, they found their house empty, their hearth desolate. The death of the erring wife soon followed.

In Mr. George Conway this blow caused a surprising change. He could not at first believe it. It was more likely that words had failed of their meaning, and men gone mad. Nature, life, religion, must have turned upside-down, if such a terrible be-

lying of fair promise, and innocence, was allowed. When the truth at last came home to him, it quite changed him, and he had done with chivalry for ever. Further, though he scorned revenge, he secretly longed for an opportunity when he could strike some blow, take some step which should commit him, as it were, and show himself at least how he despised his former chivalry. In his manner and behaviour there was little changed: he affected to be all politeness and graciousness, but he was in a wary ambuscade, ready to welcome the first opportunity. That done, he felt that his soul would be more at rest. It was in this temper that he found himself at St. Arthur's, and in the humour also, that if he found any girl likely to fancy him he would enjoy tempting her to give him her heart, and would then depart with as little mark on his own as his yacht would leave on the waters behind her.

The peer was crushed and overwhelmed. Friends said, "he was utterly broken." He moped, took no interest in life, was out of gear, and then, to the surprise of no one, married again. His son made no protest, knowing that his father was "weak," as it is called, and scarcely responsible, as another would be. He saw, too, that his father "wanted some one to take care of him." But this new wife proved to be a lady of almost frantic extravagance. The castle was refitted and refurnished. She was lavish in balls and entertainments, jewels and dresses; and the Formanton estate, already heavily encumbered, soon began to creak and groan, as it were, like the great dinner-table at one of their banquets, under mortgages and even bills of sale. According to the vulgar phrase, the Formantons were "going it," almost galloping it indeed.

Conway soon learned a great deal about the two young heroines of St. Arthur's. He heard their whole history, from the school upwards, but in the shape of two different stories. On one side he heard: she saved her life at that place, watching her, following her, like a dog, worshipping her, "doing" every lesson for her. The heiress, when she got money, threw her slave over in the shabbiest, meanest way. There was a good deal of jealousy, too, at the bottom; for Miss Jessica always came in Miss Panton's way, and was most admired. From the aristocrats of the place he heard: That parson's daughter was a forward, self-sufficient girl, always pushing herself to the front, preach-

ing radical stuff about the poor being as good as the rich. When her friend got rich, she determined to take possession of her, to stick to her like a burr; which plan the good sense of Miss Panton saw through, and with very proper spirit resented. The parson's daughter had never forgotten this rebuff, and ever since had been trying to revenge herself.

He knew perfectly how to translate this stuff. The true version of the Panton party should be something of this sort: "Spoiled child, growing into a spoiled woman, with quick passions and humours. Much pride, which made her fancy she detected a wish to make the most of small obligations, the feeling of being inferior in sense and intellect, though so much superior in wealth." For the ugly portrait of Jessica he substituted the following: "A high-spirited girl, cast upon a desert island. That vile windbag of a father, everybody about her, below her in wit and acuteness: full of trust and affection, and having foolishly thought she had found some pearl of price in a very ordinary nature, had set her whole heart on embellishing and beautifying the same. Bitter disappointment at the fall, and shattering, of what was only a plaster image—a protest against the unfair and haughty advantage so inferior a mind could take of her." Mr. Conway was quite satisfied with this analysis, which he flattered himself was superior to the rude judgment of "the rustics." So interesting indeed did he find the process of observation, that though there was a general flutter among the yachts now that the racing was over, he thought he would remain "a day or two" longer—that india-rubber period which, in the hands of the purposeless, can stretch from hours to months.

CHAPTER VIII. THE RIVALS.

PANTON CASTLE was exceedingly valuable to the neighbourhood, either as a show place for the rustics and tourists, or for the gossips as something to talk about. The house, pictures, gardens, &c., were nothing remarkable; and the tourists, generally, ought to have come away with a sense of disappointment. Yet, when a number are led about in a herd, and bidden to admire this and that, it is surprising how every one is more or less impressed. The housekeeper, Mrs. Silvertop, had a contemptuous severity of manner to the sight-seers, conveying that she was con-

strained by duty and orders from authority to let them have a glimpse of all these fine things. She had invented well-sounding names, not known to the family, for the various parts of the house; and Sir Charles himself was one day infinitely amused at overhearing that he had a "grand corridor" with a "State Dining 'All," a "Grand Steckess," with other magnificent titles. The visitors always took the most extraordinary interest in objects of family use, and seemed to regard a "bit of work" carelessly left on a table, with something of a fetish-like awe and mystery. The showwoman, without the least conscious knowledge of human nature, stimulated public interest by perpetually saying, "Please don't touch the family's things." "Be so good as not to take up henything."

Devoid of these foolish pretensions, it was a handsome house, and a handsome place. The demesne was really noble, and stretched away, a vast level of rich land, with heavy old trees spread thickly over it, and nodding drowsily in the breeze. At the end of the lawn they grew into a fringe, behind which could be seen the river Pann, a broad and strong stream, which did useful hard labour, further down, in its working clothes, as it were, and became rough, and even savage; but passing by here was quite an elegant and well-bred stream, fit for a gentleman's residence. A hair's breath, the turn of a card, a feather's weight, are all hackneyed illustrations of the power of some slight incident to disturb the course of events in human life; and the peculiar situation of this river Pann, in relation to Panton Castle, and the method of crossing it, was to have a mysterious effect on two families.

As just described, it was a noble river, full and brimming over, with a strong current, and high banks. To pull across it would require a stout pair of yeoman's arms. The land on both sides of the river belonged to the Pantons; but by a sort of indulgence a light and elegant iron bridge had been thrown across the river, and the rustics were allowed to cross to the opposite bank, which was laid out in a sort of pleasure ground, with rockeries and shrubberies and winding walks. It was all Sir Charles's land; and the Jack Cades of the district were always imputing to him designs of enclosure, and of robbing the people of their rights—if he could.

The walks were indeed charming, cut

half way up the bank, and through the rich plantation that ran along it, and were affected by many, not so much for recreation as in the hope of glimpses of what "the family" were doing. In old times, before the new bridge was built, that broad river barrier cut them off utterly, opposed itself sternly; and they had to walk a full quarter of a mile down to the old bridge, where again they were checked by the great gateway of Panton Castle, its towers and archway—handsome and ivy grown; a strong wall sweeping straight down to the very bank, going down thence into the very water and pitilessly cutting off all approach.

When the little girls of the town were told the conventional stories of Beautiful Princesses living in palaces of gold and diamonds, their thoughts flew away to Panton Castle, where the enormously wealthy heiress was reigning; or to the glittering carriage with the bright plunging steeds, in which she reclined, as if on a sofa. The station-master had stories of the countless chests and packages of all sizes and weights which were coming down every day from London; each supposed to contain some shape of "whim," and not cared for when it arrived. Her rooms, Mrs. Silvertop reported, were filled with treasures—"wardrobes" of silks, and satins, and laces; and her dresses a "strewin' the very floor."

Yet for all this luxury her life was only less dull than that of the poorest of the girls about her. The air of the place was not too rude for her tender chest; it was a sort of sheltered Torquay, and her residence there became almost enforced. She found no pleasure in the common excitements. Balls and plays she was forbidden; she did not care at all for work or for music, and for reading only a little. She and her father sat together nearly every evening in the great drawing-room alone, with their costly furniture. The only resource was the recurring dinner party, the dull legitimate comedy with the same actors over and over again. There was a curious languor of intellect about her, and yet her eyes were full of light and quickness, roved to the right and to the left, there was a blush, quick to her cheeks, an animation in her voice. She did not want for hasty passions, and when excitement came, could be more excited than her fellows. Yet there was an irregular charm about her, an almost Indian fitfulness.

Dudley, often the object of her humour,

protested against, yet grown indispensable, had just come in. He always went out like a chiffonnier, with a basket on his back to collect news. "A pic-nic of two hundred over the grounds this morning, the gardener says." "And not a leaf touched," said her father, coming in after Dudley.

"Very kind of them," cried his daughter.

"I fear, dearest, we must keep up Laura Bridge after all. These honest people are establishing fresh claims on us every day. And I hear they are going to present you with a silver bowl, or something in the shape of a bridge. I just got a hint of it."

This quite turned her thoughts. She was full of eagerness and curiosity, and clapped her hands with delight.

"Dear, goodie papa, do find out for me. I want to see it quick. I am dying to know."

"I'll make it out to-day for you," said Dudley.

"Do you know, I fear, dear, it would look ungracious to pull the bridge down after so generous an intention. You would not like to be unpopular, dear?"

"No, no; if they are such nice people, poor creatures, why should we keep them out? I don't like to see them all scattered about on nice gardens, and pouring over my bridge like ants; but——"

"Good child, you have quite delighted me! It was making me wretched. You know, as landowners, we must be considerate to the lower class, even at inconvenience to ourselves. Tell me, dear. I am sending up to town, would you like the decorator down? As you don't like your new boudoir, we shall have the man here again. By the way, dear, we are having this dinner party. Bailey and daughter——"

"Yes: *she* said she'd come. I'm so glad."

"That little sparring excites you," said Dudley. "By the way, Conway told me he was coming up here."

"As gentlemanly a man as ever I met. We must ask him to dinner. So well informed, and clever, and good-looking too. There, chick, I wish you'd throw the handkerchief at him. I know his father well: good blood—fine old family, though extravagant."

"I think him a coxcomb, and would not walk on the same side of the street with him."

"There's not much chance of him. He's in the æsthetic country; and those Baileys have seized on him body and soul. He is

always up there, and selfish 'Old Bailey' has half sunk a dozen boats going out to drink sherry on board the yacht. That scheming Miss Jessica has the whole sum set down in figures in an account-book, and she will regularly 'tot it up' until he is caught."

"Jessica win *him*! Lord Formanton's son! It is a folly, and impossible," said the heiress, excitedly.

"I am sure it is," said Dudley. "Yet she is very deep and clever, and if she once sets her mind on a thing, I declare it is quite on the cards. He made some speech to me about her being so dramatic; and I know the yacht has not had orders for sailing. She is not the first parson's daughter that has drawn a peer out of the river."

Miss Pantton listened with kindling eyes. "She! she! How dare you even think of such a thing? We will not have it—she shall be exposed. She thinks that will put her on a level with *me*. I tell you, papa, and Dudley, it must not be, and you must see and prevent it!"

She looked over angrily at Dudley; she was now walking up and down the room in a high state of excitement, her lips working as if speaking, her eyes darting from one side to the other. Her father soothed her. Dudley, looking out of the window, said slowly:

"Well! here, now, is Conway himself."

CHAPTER IX. A VISIT.

CONWAY had ridden out, and was now entering, calm, composed, and handsome. The young heiress looked up, and advanced to meet him with a sudden eagerness of welcome. Dudley smiled as he saw this change. Conway had on his best man-of-the-world suit, let off his various conversational fireworks, determining, as his habit was, to make a good effect, and leave behind him a delightful impression of regret. The eyes of the heiress were fastened on him all the time.

He had been tempted out there by the piquant accounts he had been hearing of the vendetta between the two girls. He half purposely began to speak of the clergyman and his family. "His daughter is a very remarkable person, with such a thoughtful and original mind. She should be in a larger field."

The heiress moved impatiently.

"Yes, Jessica talks like a book, or sometimes like a man, they say."

"You are old friends, I am told," said Conway, "so you can appreciate her better."

"There were thirty girls at the school," the heiress said, impatiently, "when I was there. *They* are not all old friends, I presume. I have never seen them since. Yet the people here always insist on making us bosom friends, that cannot be parted a moment. I am really getting tired of it."

Conway laughed. "May I speak the truth? Well, I heard something quite the reverse, almost as I sailed into harbour, that there were two young ladies here, each at the head of a party, captains of opposing armies, whose little contests gave the only animation to the place."

"The poor low gossips here talk of anything, and invent anything: we all despise them, and papa would not stay here but for my health. As for Jessica, or Miss Bailey, I know little or nothing about her. She is truly of the same class."

"Clergymen and their families are usually allowed a sort of brevet rank," said Conway, smiling. "Or if there is any defect in the father, there is great indulgence to the daughter."

The spoiled rich girl looked at him uneasily. "Oh, she has quite brought *you* round to her party. That is always her way, artfully trying to make friends with every one. I never was taught those little devices. Or I suppose, the art is born with you."

This seemed like a complaint, and the tone of her voice troubled Conway. "Perhaps," he said, "the game is not worth the candle, and perhaps Miss Pantton has the art all this time, though not conscious of it. She has been kind enough to give me a chance already, and I came out to say how happy I should be to avail myself of it."

The emotions of the heiress were as fitful as they were vehement. She smiled, laughed, at this compliment, an insipid and third-hand one out of Conway's stock, and said abruptly: "I am so glad. Yes, we shall be great friends, I am not strong-minded in the least" (there was no need, Conway thought, for her to make that declaration) "but I should be sorry to do so. Dudley says there is something re-

pulsive in being strong-minded and able to talk."

As Conway looked out at the hothouses and choice beds of flowers, he wondered at seeing groups of rustics scattered about, who appeared to be looking at the flowers with much the same title that he had. At last he said:

"Oh, see! these are the people Miss Bailey spoke of."

"*She* spoke of! And what did she speak of?"

"Well, I forget exactly, except that they had some right to smell the flowers God gave us, and enjoy your grounds. Sir Charles is wonderfully indulgent."

"It is all on sufferance, I can assure you. But papa is laughed at for admitting them."

"Miss Jessica would not laugh at him, I assure you. She shows a most just concession to popular rights, and thinks it no compliment: it should be universal over the country."

"Does she—does she? So do all who are without land. We are absurdly indulgent. The place swarms on show days with this canaille. It is intolerable." And she stamped her foot impatiently.

"Still you have a great advantage here," said Conway, "in this barrier of a river—and such a noble river! Nature, true aristocrat, meant it no doubt to keep off the canaille."

Lunch was then announced, and the guest presently departed much interested in this strange, wayward girl.

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